

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.

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THE UGLY CLUB.--NO. XII,

BY THE EDITOR.

"Indictum ore alio."—Horace.

"I shall record remarkable events, which are new, and yet untold by any other person."

TO THE READER.

Gentle Sir:—If thou art tired out with my extracts from the old and valuable books of the "Ugly Club," manifest thy impatience thereat; let not the pleasure I derive from the task cause thee the least fatigue. If thou wert better pleased with the account of their meetings, and the doings of the members of the Club, and would prefer to hear them recounted, instead of these motly extracts, please let thy voice be heard; signify, O reader, gentle and patient as thou hast been, thy wishes, and the recorder of other men's actions will cheerfully obey thy mandate; premising, however, and with all due respect to thy superior judgment, that there are so many members of the Ugly Club alive at the present writing, some of them might smell high treason against their characters in my recorded facts, and exclaim in the language of that profane writer, one Billy Shakespeare, "is there no offence in it," with these remarks, most bounteous reader, I remain thine—eternally.

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, April 13, 1842.

LOOSE PAPERS.

PAPER—NO. IV.

Page 162, vol. 2.

[Among the papers of Roughhead, whose name is identified with the early history of the Ugly Club, a perfect old mortality, in keeping alive old recollections, reminiscences, &c., I found a small book entitled "Odds and Ends," bearing strong evidence in his favor of being the proprietor thereof, from which I make a few selections.]

MUSIC.

"All Nature's full of thee."

Music was invented by Jubal before Christ, 1600; vocal chorusses invented B. C. 508; notes invented by Gui D'Arezzo, 1025; Counterpoint brought to perfection by Palestrini, about 1505; the Italian style of composition introduced about 1616.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in 1009, invented the gamut, and the six notes "ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la," which syllables are taken from the three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," &c. The Gamut, or Gamma-ut, is the first note, but of-

tener taken for the whole scale of music, or series of sounds rising or falling towards acuteness of gravity from any given pitch or tone.

The organ was invented by one Otesibius, a barber, of Alexandria, about 100 years before Christ.

Chaunting of Psalms was adopted by Ambrose, about 360, from the Pagan ceremonies of the Romans. Church organs were in general use in the 10th century. The shortest notes in the middle ages were semibreve and minim, now the longest.

The history of Psalm singing is a portion of the history of the reformation of that great religious revolution, which separated forever into two unequal divisions the great establishment of Christianity. For a very interesting account of this peculiar, and highly imposing mode of worshipping the Deity by singing to his praise, see a tract entitled "Singing of Psalms," printed in 1630. David composed songs and hymns to God of several sorts of metre; some of which were *pentameters* and *trimeters*; he also made instruments of music, and taught the Levites to sing hymns to God, both on that called sabbath day and on other festivals. Now the construction of the instruments was thus:—The viol was an instrument of ten strings, it was played upon with a bow; the psalter had twelve musical notes, and was played upon by the fingers; the cymbals were broad and large instruments, and were made of brass.

Bells were first brought into use by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in 409. He was famous for his piety, and his professional labours. Pliny, however, reports that many ages before his time bells were in use, and were called *Saints*, hence *toe Saint* or *toe-Sin* in process of time. Suetonius says that Augustus had one put at the gate of the Temple of Jupiter, to call the meeting of the people. There is a bell at Moscow 19 feet high!

The use of bells are summed up in the following Latin distich:—

"Laudo Deum verum, Plebem voco congrego elerum—

Defunctos plero, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

The *piano forte* was invented in London, about 1776, by Zump, a German.

Roughhead is in error here; Zump introduced the piano into England about that period. The piano was invented by Christian Gottlieb Schröder of Hohenstein, in Saxony, about A. D. 1740.

Pythagoras is said to have invented harmonic strings in consequence of hearing four blacksmiths working with hammers in harmony.

Musica est mentis medicini mater, says Burton, affects not only the ears but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits; it erects the mind and makes it nimble, [*Lenius, instit. cap. 24.*] Thus it will affect the most dull, severe, and sorrowful souls, "ex-

pelle grieve with mirth, and if there be any clouds, dust, or dregges of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them away."—*Salisb. poli. lib. 1 cap. 6.*

Military music made part of the studies of the Irish warriors. It filled them with courage, and a contempt of danger; and it was by the help of the military song they sounded the charge, rally, retreat, &c. The celebrated Handel often declared that "he would rather be the author of Carolan's *Ellen Aron*, than of all his own compositions."

Unwritten music is the voice of Deity.—*J. R. member of U. C.*

Theatrical performances, from the most remote date, seem to have been varied and enlivened by music; the playing of minstrels is often mentioned in the old Miracle plays, and besides horns, the pipe, the tabret, and the flute, are spoken of as the instruments they used.—*See the Smith's pageant in the Chester Whitsun plays.*

The mention of music or minstrelsy as an accompaniment of the old morals, is not frequent, although songs are often introduced into them; but it is very clear that companies of players, who visited monasteries and the houses of the nobility prior to the reformation were often attended by minstrels, who are sometimes mentioned with the actors.

The use of trumpets, cornets, &c., for the soundings before the prologue in plays of the age of Shakespeare, and for sonnets and alarms during the performance of them, requires no illustration, but regarding the music between the acts it may be fit to bring forward a few authorities. In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, (played by the children of St. Pauls,) we meet with the following stage direction in Act 5th:—While the measure is dancing, Andrugio's ghost is placed "betwixt the music houses," so that the instrumental performers sat in two different places. In Middleton's "*Chaste Maid in Cheapside*," 1630, we read this stage direction:—While the company seem to weep and mourn there is a sad song in the music room.

Boxes were indifferently called rooms, and one of them was probably appropriated to the musicians. At the end of *Gamma Gurtons Needle*, 1566, Diccon, addressing himself to the instrumental performers, tells them "It the meantime, fellows, pipe up your fiddles."

Nabbes, in the prologue to his "*Hannibal and Scipio*," 1637, alludes at the same time to the change of the place of action, and to the performance of instruments between the acts—

"The place is sometimes changed with the scene, which is translated while the music plays *betwixt the acts*."

Whatever might be its situations at an earlier date when Shakespeare's *Tempest*, as altered by Dryden and Davenant, was play-

ed at the Duke's Theatre, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1667, it seems probable that the band was for the first time placed between the audience and the stage. "*The front of the stage is opened and the band of twenty-four violins with the harpsicals and theorbos, which accompany the voices, are placed between the pit and the stage.*"—p. 163, vol. 2.

Wassail, or "was heal," in Saxon, signifies your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas, in England and Ireland. It in the olden time, denoted mirth and festivity in general, and in this sense it occurs in Shakespeare:

"The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps *wassail*, and the swaggering upspring reels."

Perhaps the origin of the term may be traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist. On their first interview she drank his health in a cup of spiced liquor, using the words "O King, live forever!" and presenting him the bowl, she said—"Ha ford Kyning waesheil," i. e. My Lord King, your health, and after she had drank, he took the cup, and kissed the damsel, and pledged her.

Milton alludes to the custom of wassailing in the following lines:—

"I am loathe to meet the rudeness and
swill'd insolence
Of such late *wassailers*—"

THE SOUTHERN STAGE, ACTORS AND AUTHORS, DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THREE.

NOTES OF THE DRAMA IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

[Taken in 1837.]

(Concluded.)

From Dunlap's History of the American Stage.

"It will be remembered that David Douglass, the second manager of the Old American Company, built a theatre in Charleston, in the year 1773.

"Near the conclusion of our fifth chapter we have mentioned, as an event in chronological order, that a merchant of Charleston, and Mr. Goodwin, a comedian, erected a building called Harmony Hall, in that city, for theatrical and other amusements, in 1786. We have reason to believe that this is the same building now used as a theatre, and standing in Church street, near Broad. This is the second theatre in that city; the first being that which was built by David Douglass, in 1773, as above mentioned.

"We will devote this chapter principally to such facts as we can collect and recollect connected with the drama of South Carolina.

"The place first called Harmony Hall, came afterwards to be known as *Solee's Long Room*. We have had occasion to mention Mr. Solee as a manager at Boston and New York. He was probably better fitted for his earliest management, as the entertainments first directed by him were in the French language, and he may have known something of French literature.

"The company which Mr. Solee carried to Charleston in 1797, was very strong, and

probably far superior to any that had exhibited in the Long Room theatre before. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, were leaders, the first in tragedy and second-rate comedy, the second in romps; Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock were equally leaders, the first in fathers, and the second as the representative of the tragic muse; Chalmers was first gentleman comedian, and Mr. Hughes the low comedian; Mr. and Mrs. Jones added strength to the corps; Miss Broadhurst was the opera lady; the singing man was Chalmers's *inseparable*, Williamson the second; Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland were the walking gentleman and lady, and both young, handsome, and equal to their lines; Mr. and Mrs. Placide were powerful, the first in dance and pantomime, the second as an actress and singer; Mr. McKinzie was an improving second actor in tragedy or comedy, of Mr. Downie, Mrs. Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowson, who filled the list, we cannot speak from knowledge.

"Mr. Williamson who stands at the head of this list, succeeded Solee in management, and died in 1802. After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, the Charleston theatre was taken by Mr. Placide. His children, the oldest Miss Caroline Placide, afterwards Mrs. Waring, was born in April, 1798, and Henry, the present excellent comedian, was born in September, 1799. These, and the younger boys and girls, as they could be made useful in dandies and pantomimes, were trained to the stage, and have been its ornaments and support.

"After a time Mr. William Greene, mentioned as one of the great Chesnut-street company, joined Mr. Placide in the management at Charleston, and played the first line of business. Robinson, familiarly called Hop-a-Robinson, who had descended from the shop-board of the Park theatre to the stage, and exchanged the thimble and needle for the sword and truncheon, was Greene's second in the buskin. His success, though not great, proved that he had merit. Mat. Sully was the principal low comedian for years. Mr. and Mrs. Claude, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with Messrs. Daulfield, Burke, Anderson, Sandford, Huntingdon, and Mesdames Greene, Placide, Poe, and others, occasionally changing, made the Charleston theatre rich in efficient performers.

"When Mr. Placide, in 1803, engaged Mr. Hodgkinson for the Charleston theatre, he absorbed all the attention which had previously been diffused among many. Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock had again returned to Charleston, and to her Angela, Mr. Hodgkinson played Osmond as his opening part. When this was succeeded by Shelly, and a long list of characters not only dissimilar, but opposite, which he performed with such uncommon powers, he gained that favour and admiration which was justly his due on the stage. He, in the winter of 1803-4, played in Charleston upwards of 80 different characters. Seven of these were from the pen of the writer of this work, who will remark, *en passant*, that when he played Captain Bertram, the play was advertised by the title of "*Fraternat discord in England*," to make it appear as an English production, although the whole dialogue indicates Germany as the scene of the action.

"In the winter of 1804-5, Mr. Hodgkinson was again the great attraction of the Charleston theatre, which he left in the summer 1805, and died in the autumn of the same at Washington, as above recorded.

"When Twaits, after his unfortunate

quarrel with Captain Smith, and subsequent disagreement with the managers of the Park theatre, joined himself to the southern company, he was justly, for a time, the favorite actor. The management was now in the hands of three directors—Messrs. Placide, Greene, and Twaits. They occasionally divided their company, and occupied, with the Charleston theatre, the theatres of Norfolk and Richmond.

"This company was broken up in consequence of an astounding calamity which seemed to shake the American theatre for a time to its foundation. This was the destruction by fire of the Richmond house, during the time of performance, and the loss of upwards of seventy persons, burned, or crushed to death, in the course of a few minutes.

"It is a curious circumstance that Cooke, who never played either at Charleston or Richmond, was the remote cause of this conflagration, and ruin of the Charleston company.

"The divisions of the corps, of Messrs. Placide, Greene, and Twaits, had been united at Richmond, in the autumn of 1811, preparatory to embarking for their winter quarters in Charleston. But it was known that if they could carry the great George Frederick Cooke with them, even in his shattered condition, their season must be uncommonly productive. The calculation was good. Cooke, removed to a new theatre of action, so very dissimilar from either England or the northern states, would have thrown off his damning vice for a time exerted a renewed energy, and enjoyed renewed health. He would have been idolized by the hospitable south, and he would have refrained, for the poor object of attaining applause as a player, from that which the great object of health, self-approbation, and universal esteem could not cause him to eschew—he would have made—that was the object of the managers—an overflowing treasury.

"Mr. Placide had negotiated an engagement with the veteran, and had left a carriage in waiting for him at New York to transport him to Richmond: there to play a few nights previous to embarking. But Mr. Cooke was sick—or did not choose to move. This caused the delay of the company at Richmond, and the keeping open of the theatre until the night of the fatal 26th of December, 1811.

"A new play and pantomime had been advertised for the benefit of Mr. Placide. The house was fuller than on any night of the season. The play was over, and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and the last had begun. All was yet gayety, all so far had been pleasure, curiosity was yet alive, and further gratification anticipated—the orchestra sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy—when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above. Some were startled, others thought it was a part of the scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials from on high, and it was perceived that others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage that there was no danger. Immediately after, Hopkins Robinson ran forward and cried out "the house is on fire!" pointing to the ceiling, where the flames were progressing like wild-fire. In a moment, all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for their escape. The cry of "Fire, fire!" ran through the

house, mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house, and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life.

"The general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door not more than large enough to admit three persons abreast. This outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street, it was necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and death fell on the occupants of the boxes, who, panic-struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to gain the crowded and tortuous way by which they had entered. The pit door was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit among the last, saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back again upon the general entrance to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit, and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes and sought that avenue to the street. But all darted to the lobbies. The stairways were blocked up. All was enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapour, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy for a moment were those who gained a window and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had issued to the street had cried to the sufferers at the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the apertures to inhale the fresh air. Men, women, and children precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unhurt—others were killed or mangled by the fall. Some with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies.

"Who can picture," says a correspondent of the Mirror, 'the distress of those, who unable to gain the windows or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long narrow passages.' The cries of those who reached the upper windows are described as being heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot after reaching the outer door.

"Add to this mass of suffering, the feelings of those who knew that they had relatives or friends who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot with the crowds of citizens from all quarters—while the tolling of bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror.

"As my father was leading me home," said Mr. Henry Placide, 'we saw Mr. Greene, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on a fence, and looking at the scene of ruin. For all was now one black mass of smoking destruction. "Thank God!" ejaculated Greene, "Thank God! I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night! She is safe!"'

"Nancy was his only daughter, just

springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. Gibson; and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination can picture.

"Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening, and Nancy Greene asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused—but unfortunately added his reason—"the house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for." On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence, and beauty. 'I will pay for your ticket,' said the kind instructress, 'we will not leave you behind.' The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth.

"An instance of the escape of a family is given. The husband, with three children, were in the boxes; his wife, with a female friend, in another part of the house. The wife gained a window—leaped out and escaped unhurt. Her friend followed and was killed. The father clasped two helpless girls to his breast, and left a boy of twelve years of age to follow—the boy was forced from the father, and to a window—sprang out and was safe. The parent, with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them—he became unconscious, but was still borne along—he was taken up, carried to his bed, and opened his eyes to see all his family safe.

"On the contrary, Lieut. Gibbon, of the Navy, as exemplary in private life as heroic in the service of his country, and on the brink of a union with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond for every accomplishment and virtue—was swept into eternity while exerting himself to do all that man should do in such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety—then rushed back to save her in whose fate his own was bound up—he caught her in his arms—had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way, and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

"Friday, the 27th of December, 1811, was a day of mourning to Richmond. The banks and stores were closed. A law was passed prohibiting amusements of every kind for four months. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. A monument was resolved on—to be erected to the memory of the dead and the event.

"George Frederick Cooke did not come on to Richmond, and the Thespian's embarked for Charleston. They were shipwrecked: lost most of the property by water that the fire had spared. And in short, the company was broken up by the blow received at Richmond. Placide, Greene, and Twaits, passed away in a few short months, or years, after the dreadful night of the 26th of December."

An actress of some celebrity, while playing Isabella in the Fatal Marriage, on the Charleston boards, was not a little confused, and the audience amused, at the following ludicrous circumstance:—In the scene with Biron, in the fifth act, when she exclaims—"I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come, Possess me all. Shake off my chains, and hasten to my aid—Thou art my only cure—"

On running out, she encountered a negro, who, seeing her approach him with distract-

ed looks, exclaimed—"Not me, Missis—not me!"

Miss Rae, of the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, died on the 18th of February, 1836.

"Death loves a shining mark!"

is a beautiful expression of the gifted Young, and can be applied to the subject of our notice. She was beloved by all, and beloved for those traits which rendered her conspicuous to those unerring shaft; her life was one of filial love and duty; her means were devoted to the maintenance of an aged parent, whose prop she was, and to her brother, whose misfortune her goodness of heart made it almost a fault to relieve. Miss Rae was a chaste actress, with a feeble frame she labored through her arduous duty, and supported each and every character with a spirit which, while it surprised, pleased the most. It was the mental power alone that buoyed her up, until exhausted nature sapped the "mystery of the mind, which adorns the body, and lights it like a star;"

"Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal."

It would be heedless for me to speak of one so well known, and whose merit was so justly appreciated; in vain will we look for the light airy form of her whose presence gave a sanction to the cause of the drama, and whose correct reading and faultless pronunciation tended to raise it in the estimation of mankind. The following beautiful lines of Barry Cornwall are so applicable to her dying moments, that I give them entire.

The girl was dying! Youth and beauty—all
Men love of women boast of, was decaying;
And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd de-
laying,
As though he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home. At last arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came; she sighed,
And smiling, as tho' her friends whispered—
died!

COLLEY CIBBER.

Miss Jane Placide died May 16th, 1835. There is in the American Theatre ground a neat tomb stone, with the following inscription—

"—There's not an hour
Of day, or dreamy night, but I am with thee,
There's not a wind but whispers o'er thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee."

Mrs. Rosina Rowe died May 16th, 1835. The following lines were written by Colley Cibber, and published in the city papers.

The harp that hung in Thalia's hall,
Is now unstrung, its chords are broken,
Those sounds are dead, whose magic spell,
The wild notes of her land had spoken.

The hall's deserted, still there lingers
Some who fondly lov'd the strain,
And often think that fairy fingers
Touch the broken harp again.

But no!—that voice so often heard,
Is now among the lone ones sleeping,
Still mem'ry whispers o'er the words—
She breathed wheré now her friends are
weeping.

Long shall mem'ry fondly cling,
Where her spirit silent slumbers;
And with magic sweetness bring
Once again, those heart-felt numbers.

Then shall sweet remembrance be,
As a dream of time departed,
And those that lov'd, shall think of THEE,
"Noble—kind—and generous hearted!"

H. G. PEARSON.

This gentleman was playing one evening at the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, some one commenced talking very loudly, and using indecent language, thereby dividing and disturbing the attention of the audience and drowning the voice of the actor, who, stepping boldly forward to the foot-lights, and looking up to the scene of confusion, in a loud decided tone of voice for which he is so remarkable, required the officer to turn "that blackguard out of the house," it is needless to say that it was speedily done.

A New Theatre was erected in Pittsburg during the summer of 1833, by a company of stockholders, for Mr. Wemyss, the working plans being furnished by Mr. Haviland of Philadelphia. Scott and Roseburgh were the builders, it must have had strong claims to notice, when Power mentions it as a model deservng of imitation by larger buildings. It was opened on Tuesday, September 2d, 1833, with an address written by N. Ruggles Smith, of Pittsburg, and spoken by Mr. Wemyss. The company consisted of the following persons:—Mr. Wemyss, (Manager,) A. Addams, John Sefton, William Sefton, Henry Eberle, C. Green, Bannister, Spencer, D. Rice, J. Stickney, Gifford, John Reed, G. W. Smith, J. Smith, Hathwell, Hubbard, J. W. Warren, S. Evelyn, C. Parsloe, Miss Mary Duff, Miss McBride, Mrs. J. Stickney, Mrs. H. Eberle, Mrs. C. Green, Mrs. Turner, Miss Turner, Miss Julia Turner, Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Hathwell, Mrs. Smith—P. Warren, Treasurer, Stafford and Hoffner, Carpenters, Rufus Burn, Leader of Orchestra, J. R. Smith, Artist. The first performance was the "Busy Body," and "Of Age To-morrow."

ITEMS.

We this week conclude the valuable papers of the "Ugly Club" and "The History of the Southern Stage." We have prepared for publication a series of papers which will shortly be published, entitled—"The American Stage and Actors," which will embrace the rise and progress of our dramatic history, with anecdotes of actors, incidents in stage history, &c., which will be completed in this present volume, nor is it vanity or egotism in us when we say that no periodical ever published in this country will contain a greater variety of correct historical dramatic matter than will a full bound volume of the Mirror.

The Chesnut still drags itself along, with but indifferent success, in fact, we question if the receipt per night pay the expenses of the gas!

They are about producing the Naid Queen at Pittsburg. Mr. Marble took a benefit on the 26th ult.

Mr. Woolf, the accomplished leader of the orchestre of the Chesnut Street Theatre, goes to Niblo's, New York.

The Theatre at Washington City, is doing a wretched business. It must close, no help for it.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

EDWIN FORREST.

This highly celebrated tragedian closed a very splendid engagement at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on Friday, the 29th ult., at the fall of the curtain, being called for, he appeared before the curtain, and delivered the following very neat address. He gives it to the "Morality of the Stage," and the followers of Mahomet in fine style.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—For this, and for the many tokens of your kind approbation, I return you my sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments. It is a source of peculiar gratification to me to perceive that the drama is yet, with you, a subject of consideration. Permit me to express my well founded conviction, that the drama, in one form or other, whether for good or for evil, is intimately blended with our social institutions. It is for you, then, to give it the necessary and appropriate direction. If it be left in charge of the bad and dissolute, the consequence will indeed be deplorable; but if the fostering protection of the wise and the good be extended to it, the result cannot but tend to the advancement of the morals, and the intellectual improvement of the community. It is indeed the true province of the drama,

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this, the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept."

Mr. and Mrs. Bannister are at Cincinnati, playing in a new piece from the untiring pen of the former, it is entitled "Robert Emmett, the Irish Patriot." The trial scene is introduced, as is also his celebrated speech.

The Buffalo Theatre opened on Monday, the 2d of May, under the management of Mr. Rice.

PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA.

The Arch Street Theatre, if we mistake not will be the magnet of attraction. Porter, the manager moves along in his quiet way nightly improving in pieces, acting, and last, not least, the houses!

The Chesnut is doing a wretched business, Burton's name, which was wont to fill the house, keeps people away. Paul Pry was played the other night to empty benches, and the voices of the actors sounded hungry and hollow in the walls of Old Drury. It is lamentable, it is pitiful, but not strange.

The Walnut closed for a few nights, being the end of the present season. The management anticipates much from Steele's Nautical pieces, and we believe there are several others in preparation of a highly rich dramatic character. What has become of "Mary Tudor?" John Sefton's engagement was a total failure—the public are satisfied with his "Vell, vot of it," and what more does he want?

Garrick one day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed left the house; but one of the party, on going into the area to seek him, found Mr. Garrick fully occupied in amusing a negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to utter—"Oh, Massa Garrick! you will kill me, Massa Garrick."

A player performing the *Ghost in Hamlet* very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour, by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please you are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost."



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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

THE OPERA.

We would be much gratified if the managers of the Chesnut St. Theatre, could be prevailed upon to bring out again Bellini's opera of *Norma*, while they possess so efficient a musician and leader of the orchestra as Mr. Woolf; whom we feel confident would render to the sublime composition of the great *Maestro*, all the brilliancy and effect of which it is susceptible. The production of this magnificent piece during the engagement of the Woods, was truly liberal in every respect, and reflected infinite credit upon the management of "old Drury." There was no expense spared in procuring the principal artists, and the necessary chorus, to render it worthy of patronage and in addition to which the costumes, scenery and stage appointments excelled any thing of a similar nature, ever attempted in this really demure city. The orchestra was under the able direction of Mr. Cline, and considerably augmented by a number who volunteered in order to render the piece as imposing as possible. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy with which the overture was performed, the progress of the music from its rough to a refined state, was glowingly depicted in this *chef d'œuvre*. We will not detain the reader with an enumeration of the several beauties of this much admired opera, which sparkle like "gems set upon the brow of night," but would advise him if he has never witnessed it, to lose no time in doing so, if again produced, as it will afford a gratification of no ordinary character.

There is certainly one strongly marked and reprehensible characteristic of a Philadelphia audience, which has been noticed by native as well as foreign artists, and consists in the frigid reception which is bestowed upon those who appear before them in the histrionic profession. The observation may also apply to their want of taste in respect to the production of the opera, which has hitherto been shamefully patronized and presents but little inducement for vocalists of celebrity, in getting up operas for our amusement. The managers of the theatre have been completely victi-

mised, relying as they have done upon the musical taste of our city. Touching the production of *Norma* at present, we incline to the belief that the managers having all the necessary dress and scenery, could do so with considerable less trouble than what attended its first representation. The Seguin's troupe being at present in New York, could be readily procured, and we doubt not but the experiment might be attended with more success than the production of the drama at present.

We hint this kindly to the managers, who have unquestionably been at considerable pains to create a revival of the legitimate, but thus far with very little prospects of either success or remuneration.

Our desire we hope will be speedily gratified in witnessing Mr. Fry's admirable version of this charming production of the lamented Bellini!

Since penning the above article we have ascertained that Mr. Charles S. Porter the indefatigable manager of the American Theatre has engaged the whole operatic corps, now playing at the Park, New York. Good! Now shall our ears be regaled with sweet sounds, and heaven born music once more wake the soul to bliss.

ANECDOTE OF

THOMAS A. COOPER.

This veteran of the stage was in our city during the last week, and while here called upon a broker for the purpose of negotiating a draft on Mobile. It was drawn to his order, and regularly endorsed. The broker who did not know the great tragedian from an amateur, observed that it was necessary to identify the endorser as the individual presenting it, and as he had not the pleasure of knowing the said Thomas A. Cooper, he would expect a reference, or something to that effect. With all that dignity which in former years was wont to draw down rounds of applause when enacting some favorite character—Cooper drew himself up, and cast upon the unabashed broker one of those tragic looks which was enough to annihilate any one of less nerve than the broker, "Not know me—not known Thomas Cooper—why sir, I thought every man, woman and child in the city knew me."

"It may be so, sir, but I do assure you, sir, I never heard of you," observed the broker calmly.

"Not heard of me? why sir, my name is known from one end of the union to the other—sir, it is known in the old world. Not know me—not heard of Thomas Cooper." He might have said with Dominie Sampson "prodigious," but Cooper was a tragedian and scorned to quote a less writer than Shakespeare. The broker was resolved upon having other proof than mere as-

sertion, and was turning away to business of more importance, when a young man in the office, who had enjoyed the short colloquy with much inward pleasure, smilingly observed that he could testify to the identity of Mr. Cooper.—The scowl passed away, the sternness of the old Roman relaxed, and he gave the young man a look as much as to say—the spirit of the drama is not dead yet, for here is one who has not forgotten the feature of the "noblest Roman of them all." The money was paid for the draft, and he left the office, not well pleased to think that there was one man in the city, who had never heard the name of Thomas A. Cooper.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHESNUT ST. THEATRE.

Zanoni.—Bulwer's beautiful production entitled *Zanoni* has been dramatized by Conway in a successful manner, and was produced at the Chesnut St. Theatre on Monday evening last, to a small audience, which was almost sufficient to have dispirited both the actors and the management. There does not appear to be any inducement for managers now-a-days to put themselves to great expense in the getting up of novelties, when so limited patronage is bestowed upon their efforts to cater in a liberal style for the public, and hence the reason no doubt, why this spectacle so rich in dramatic and scenic effect was denuded of the requisite scenery and stage appointments to have rendered it one of the most attractive pieces of the day. The pencil of Hielge had been employed it is true—but not sufficiently to display the talent which he is capable of in the scenic line—the scene of "the Philosopher's study" reflects much credit upon him, and is really beautiful in many respects. As to the residue of the scenery so vauntingly mentioned in the bills, it is composed of several old fixtures belonging to the establishment, and scarcely worthy of notice. We abominate this system of deception, (when the legitimate means fail,) for it is sure to be at once detected and its authors visited with their due share of punishment. The drama notwithstanding is replete with scenic display and startling incident.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius was admirably managed, and imparted an effect at once grand and beautiful. So also was the beheading scene of *Zanoni*—by that dreadful machine of "the bloody days of Paris," the guillotine. We inwardly shuddered when the axe fell, and the severed head rolled from the body—it was a horrible illusion!

Wallack personated *Zanoni* very well with the exception of a sheepish manner which he has of turning from the audience and scowling most dreadfully. There is also a lack of abandon

in his style of acting, which needs correction to render it of general interest to an audience. What you fail to feel yourself cannot certainly be impressed on others with any degree of success and it behoves you to have an earnest sympathy with the character which is being presented.

Mrs. George Jones as Viola, excellent indeed—her performance of the character took us by surprise, displaying more histrionic talent than we have ever witnessed in all her performances heretofore. Mrs. Sefton as Fillide quite natural and of course effective. The residue of the caste are not worth noticing, they made their entrances and exits as mechanical as possible. The drama was enlivened by some touching strains of music from Mr. Woolf, which served to fill up the occasional chasms in the connection of the plot.

Wednesday evening, the veteran Wood took a benefit, or what was intended as such, there being but a "beggarly account of empty boxes" on the occasion. The pieces selected were *The Young Quaker*, or *the Fair American* and *The Turnpike Gate*. The comedy was only tolerably sustained, and served to introduce Miss Wood in the character of Dinah Primrose. Wood, Burton and Jones were good—Shaw, Watson, Howard, Owens and Oakley bad, and Wallack and Charles indifferent.

The overtures were well performed, and evince that the orchestra is composed of musicians of the first class. The performance of these gentlemen is worth the whole price of admission to the theatre.

We did not wait to see the after piece.

ARCH ST. THEATRE.

This concern is going a-head—Mr. Kirby was announced for Monday night in *Damon*, but owing to the state of our post office department, a letter what would have explained the cause of delay was not received until two days after the usual time. We want a loco-foco post master,

The play in despite of the post office went off well, Mr. Conner enacting *Damon* with unusual spirit—and Mr. J. G. Porter as *Pythias*, was excellent. Both *Damon* and *Pythias* seemed as if determined to make up any deficiency which the absence of a brighter star might have caused. Mrs. Charles as *Hermione*, and Miss Porter the manager's fair daughter, were equally deserving the applause they received.

This evening introduced a Mr. Hall, a comedian, to the Philadelphia audience, in the character of *Strap*. He is one, judging from the first impression perfectly master of his business—his style is of the Barnes' school, and although not an imitation reminded us strongly of that gifted son of *Momus*. Mr. Hall will become a favorite, for

there is a rich vein of humor in his composition which cannot fail to please the admirers of the quiet, chaste style of acting, once so popular among play-goers. The horrible gagging system which succeeded the finished acting of Jefferson and Roberts must eventually yield to those who show a disposition to revive the legitimate in every branch of the histrionic art.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.

John Sefton has been playing during the week at this establishment, to indifferent houses. His days of "vel vot of it" glory hath departed, and we question if he possesses sufficient talent or genius to strike out new beauties in any other department of the drama. He must join the ranks again and cease to star it.

The Walnut closes this evening, for one week, during the recess, preparation will be made to produce Steele's nautical drama of "*The Captive*," also a new drama from the French entitled "*Mary Tudor*."

Mr. Proctor is engaged for the opening, and will play a leading part in the latter piece.

The contest in the next theatrical campaign, will be between Marshall and Porter, as the *Chesnut*, with all its aristocratical associations cannot contend against the *peoples* theatres which the others decidedly are.

BALTIMORE.

What with martial drill for the grand encampment and wet weather, the theatre has been totally deserted—Mr. Butler of whose talent as an actor we have the highest opinion, has not been able to draw even a tolerable house, to witness his *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Walder*, or even his *Don Felix*, in the *Wonder* or *Somno* in the *Sleep Walker*, both of which he enacted with a spirit deserving something in the way of remuneration, how the actors contrive to play with any spirit at all is to us a miracle, report says they do not receive the compensation due for labor, yet they do not appear to falter either in their allegiance to the manager, or their duty to the public, every peice is acted to the best of their ability, notwithstanding the apathy of the audience, we would write you a long essay upon this subject but do not think there exists even curiosity enough to read it.

At Mr. Butler's benefit there was thirteen dollars and fifty cents in the house.

NEW YORK.

Chatham.—The series of vaudevilles that have been produced at this house, are increasing in interest. They indeed merit the applause they nightly bestow upon the enterprising manager. The entire stage is covered with a willow carpet of the most costly description. The drawing room furniture introduced

is of the richest silver gilt. The dresses, decorations, scenery, and appointments, are entirely new. With this material, the fine performance of the lovely manageress, supported by Messrs. Scott and Hield, is brought out in bold relief, and forms a most agreeable evening's performance.

Park.—The Seguins, aided by Managers, are performing Operas at this house, to slim audiences. The "*Postillion of Lonjumeau*" was the most successful one brought out since their arrival here.

Olympic.—Mitchell still continues to draw good houses, and how could it be otherwise. The ever-laughable pieces brought out under the management of the Governor, cannot fail of being successful. Horncastle's Benefit came off on Friday night, April 6th, on which occasion a new original Farce by Horncastle, was performed, entitled "*All's Fair in Love*," with a variety of other entertainments. No doubt he had a bumper.

From our Correspondant.

NEW ORLEANS.

April 21st, 1842.

The fiat has gone forth, and the regular season of the American closes on the 26th, next Tuesday; "*Napoleon*" is bringing it to a triumphant end, and if he "*whose gome was empires*," whose devastated Europe unseated kings, and "*nibbled at his narrow cage*" at St. Helena, accomplished no other good end—a mimic representation of his deeds has furnished unmixed delight to our good people, and replenished nightly the treasury of Ludlow and Smith.

On Saturday, Foster represent the "*Man of Destiny*," for his benefit. On Sunday, the Equestrians and horses give their last kick, within the walls of the American. Robinson and Foster have hitched horses and start on Monday with a choice equestrian company toward the North. It is hoped that when the *Parquette* is again "*restored*," the carpenters will nail and bolt fast, that we may have no more *horse du combat* shows where *Thalia* and *Melpomene* should reign supreme.

On Monday evening the Orphans have a benefit—it is being got up by the Amateur Glee Club, of New Orleans, the members of which are to be present, all the male characters in the "*Foundling of the Forest*," and "*Turnpike Gate*," on the occasion—I shall watch for the "*Promethean spark*," and if I discover it, the exhibiter's name, with your permission, shall reflect from the "*Mirror*."

The St. Charles is going up sure, the matter was settled on Tuesday last, and New Orleans will still possess the proud "*Temple of the Drama*."

Ludlow and Smith will play their spring season here. ELLISLER is expected per next boat from Havana—a fine nibble for L. and S. for a spring season.

Cowell and Green are doing well at Nashville.

Charley Mason and Miss Nelson were in the boxes of the American, on Tuesday.

Sanders of the American goes to the Boston National—that theatre gains a smart young actor, he is a great favourite with our theatre goers.

Ben DeBar goes to England, on a visit.

Farren, and lady, Mrs. Russell, Thorne, and Miss Petrie, remain with Ludlow and Smith.

Wright and Leicester, two smart young fellows, talk of taking a small company at the Missouri River.

Sutherland, a very clever actor, goes to the North on a "venture." The manager who engages him, will secure a valuable man.

TAAT half price theatre would do a great business here. Who's to build it?

Miss Turnbull, Madame Stephan, and Mons. Sylvain, from Havana. They were to perform a few nights and then return to the North.

PUCK, JR.

ITEMS.

The Walnut Street Theatre closes its winter season this evening. In one week it will re-open with some improvements, changes in company, reduction of salaries, &c. As regards the latter, we are of an opinion that they are low enough, nor can we see any justifiable reason on the part of the management for this move, unless he be desirous to furnish inmates for the Blockley Almshouse.

Amaldi.—At the request of several of our friends, we shall commence the publication of the melo-drama of "Amaldi, or the Brigand's Daughter," the ensuing week. Its representation at the Arch Street Theatre, was highly successful, and in laying it before our readers now, we are only desirous of doing so to gratify others more than please our own taste. With this assurance, *vive la bagatelle*, say we in all sincerity!

For New Orleans' Theatricals, see our Correspondant's Letter.

They talk of getting up a Complimentary Benefit for Mr. Watson, the Pianoist. What are his claims? Is it because he is a foreigner? No doubt! Go ahead with it, and thus deprive some modest American of what should be his due. We have fallen on monarchical times.

Miss Kneass, a talented actress, from the Chesnut goes to the Arch.

The Arch St. is destined to go ahead.

When Fenelon was informed of the total destruction of his cooks by fire, he tranquilly replied, "I should have derived no profit from them, had they not taught me patiently to bear their loss."

Nagle and Mrs. Sutton have given a third Concert in Mobile, and are most rapturously admired. The one is a Violinist, the other is a Vocalist. They mean to travel, concerting it all over the South.

Fanny Elssler comes direct from Havana to Philadelphia.

The Queen's Theatre, with Persiani, Covent Garden, Dury Lane, Haymarket, English Opera House, Strand, Surrey, and Miss Kelly's new theatre, are all open, and all doing a good business. At the Adelphi, Adams is giving scientific lectures. "Acis and Galatea," and the "Prisoner of War," are favourites at Covent Garden. "Bubbles of the Day," with Farren, Charles Matthews, J. Vining, Bartley, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. W. West, and Mrs. Lacy. Batty, with horses, are at the Surrey; his amphitheatre has been burned down. Concerts are all the rage at the English Opera House.

CHARLES H. EATON.

This gentleman to whom we reluctantly alluded to in our last, has, with that candour which ever accompanies a good heart and intentions, called upon us, and although he had cause to be angry at the article in question, gave us his hand and expressed the most heartfelt regret at the untoward event to which we alluded. That he will profit by our remarks, we feel assured, and the prophecy we made some five years ago of his becoming the pride of the American Stage will yet be fulfilled. To him we will say—

"Push back the cup, the damning cup,"
nor ever let it madden you again.

MR. DINMORE.

This gentleman takes a benefit this evening, at the Arch St. Theatre—it is useless to urge his claims to the notice of the public, they are like himself, well known. The Lady of Lyons, with Kirby as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Porter's Pauline—and a nice bill beside, should most assuredly attract a crowded house.

GEORGE THE THIRDS'S CRITICISM ON THE DRAMATISTS.

He was sorry, he said, for Henderson, and the more as Mrs. Siddons had wished to have him play at the same house with herself. Then Mrs. Siddons took her turn, and with the warmest praise. 'I am an enthusiast for her,' cried the King, 'quite an enthusiast. I think there was never any player in my time so excellent—and Garic k himself; I own it!' Then coming close to me, who was silent, he said, 'What, what?' meaning, what say you. But I still said nothing; I could not concur where I thought so differently, and to enter into an argument was quite impossible, for every little thing I said the King listened to with an eagerness that made me always ashamed of its insignificance; and, indeed, but for that, I should have talked to him with much greater fluency as well as ease. From players he went to plays, and complained of the great want of good modern comedies, and of the extreme immemorality of some of the old ones. 'And they pretend,' cried he, 'to mend them; but it is not possible. Do you think it is?—what? 'No sir, not often, I believe the fault commonly lies in the very foundation.' 'Yes, or they might mend the mere speeches. But the characters are all bad from the beginning to the end?' Then he specified several of them; but I had read none of them, and, consequently, could say nothing about the matter. At last he came to Shakspeare. 'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—what? Is there not sad stuff?—what, what?' 'Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellencies, that—' 'Oh!' cried he, laughing, good humouredly, 'I know it is not to be said; but it is true!

Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him.' Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of the plays that he objected to; and, when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming, 'But one should be stoned for saying so!'

Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant, than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

A person asking how it happened that many beautiful young ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden:—a young friend of hers requested her to go into a canoe-break and get him the handsomest reed.—She must get it at once going through, without turning. She went and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her, was that the handsomest reed she saw, "Oh, no," she replied, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and got a crooked one at last."

SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on shore and sea!
Now, sweet mother! may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee.

From the dark and restless waters
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
From his watch-fire 'midst the mountain,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries.

Yet, where thus full hearts and voices,
If o'erburden'd souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish—
Aid those captives—set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou the mother of all sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep.

SLEEP.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I've mourn'd the dark long night away
With bitter tears and vain regret,
Till grief-sick, at the breaking day
I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,
Sad, trembling, spiritless and weak;
With all my brow's young freshness fled,
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek,

Hard was the task for aching eyes
So long to wake, so long to weep;
But well it taught me how to prize
That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain;
While fever raged with demon power,
To drink my breath and scorch my brain,

And oh! what earnest words were given!
What wild imploring prayers arose!
How eagerly I ask'd of Heaven
A few brief moments of repose!

Oh! ye who drown each passing night
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep;
Fail not to kneel at morning's light,
And thank thy God for health and

SCRAPS.

Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, according to Pliny and Plutarch, cured all disorders of the spleen with the great toe of his right foot; and others say, he was equally successful in the cure of ulcers in the mouth by the same application. But what is most wonderful, is that when the body of Pyrrhus was burned to ashes, among them was found this surprising great toe entire, it was carried in great pomp, to the temple and there shut up as a relic.

An arm of one of Brutus' captains sweated oil of roses in such abundance, that every endeavour to dry it was useless.

I have somewhere read of an Athenian, whose only diet from an infant was hemlock, and he lived to a very advanced age, and also of one Mahomet, a king of Cambria, who accustomed himself to eat the poisonous articles, from a dread of being poisoned, nor would he admit any other food to be given to him. He became so venomous, that if a fly touched him it died immediately.

St. Augustin, in his "City of God," book xiv. ch. xxiii. says, that he saw a man who could perspire whenever he pleased, without any sort of exercise, and the doing of it always afforded him great pleasure.

The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the bookseller who at last bought it, cleared one thousand guineas by it. Burns's Justice was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as Buchan's Domestic Medicine, both of which produced immense incomes. The Vicar of Wakefield the most delightful work in our language, was sold for a few pounds. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his Lives of the Poets, at two hundred guineas, by which the bookseller, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. Tomson and all his family rode in their earriages with the profits of the five pound epic poem of Milton. The copyright of Vyse's Spelling Book sold alone for two thousand guineas.

TRULY SUBLIME.

Pleasure is but a shadow; wealth is vanity but Knowledge is extatic in enjoyment—perennial in fame—unlimited in space; and infinite in duration.—In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—enriches the globe—explores the sea and land—contemplates the distant—ascends to the sublime—no place is too exalted for its reach.—*De Witt Clinton.*

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

SHE who bends over the couch of infancy—the cradle bed of our young and yet unfledged existence, whispering love and prayer into those tender ears that thrill with delight as an Eolian trembles under the kissing zephyr. She who kindly guides the step of youth.—She who bends over the pillow of pain, disarming anguish of half its excruciating agony. She who grasps the couch of death where science dare no longer contend with the King of Terrors, and skill retires from the unequal task. The christian woman's hour hath come, and affection struggles with death, and cries to the dull ear of the tomb, *give me back my love!* And while she kisses away the clammy dews of dissolution she wrestles with the enemy while hope and life remain—nor will she leave the dead—no! no, the poor pale remains of the loved one, are dear to her still. She strews roses around the bier—and often in far distant years, in evening's solemn hour, or beneath the silver moonlight, she revisits the grave by others forgotten and unknown. She comes like a soft spirit, noiseless and tearful, and holy, to call up all the luxury of her still unwasted love.

Naffit.



COLD COMFORT.

GUESSING.

A Yankee the other day, for information asked an Irishman who was busily engaged in the street driving down stones, "Pat, when will you get this street done?" "How did you know my name was Pat," said the Irishman. "Why I guessed as much." "Then," replied the Irishman, since you are good at guessing, you may guess when this street will be finished."

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.

"Pa, is Dogs got wings?"—"Wings!—no child—don't you know better than that?"—"Why, thunder and scissors, Pa,—this ere newspaper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him,—so I guess dogs is got wings, too, Pa."

TO-MORROW.

Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read its single page and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are now gay may be sad. Those who are now walking the avenues to pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be the subjects of intense sorrow. Prosperity may be changed into adversity.

Those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley. That rosy cheek may be overspread with paleness—the strong step may falter. Death may have overtaken us.

To-morrow! It may entirely change the course of our lives. It may form a new era in our existence. What we fear may not happen.

To-morrow! away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a being to whom all the destructions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose every thing for our wise improvement.

Don Rodrigues Giran and his brother, when children, were so full of purulent humours, that when they slept together, and touched each other's arms or legs, they adhered so very closely, that it required the strongest efforts to separate them.

"Now Simon, you understand geography—can you tell what State an artist is always in, when sketching?"

"What State? Why, of course the State he sketches in."

"No such thing—he is always just in one State, and that is Pencil-vein-is."

Demophon, *maitre d'hotel* to Alexander was accustomed to warm himself in the shade, and cool himself in the sun.

An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded his affidavit, "and this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection was his youngest son, Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

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